

# The Mirror

OF

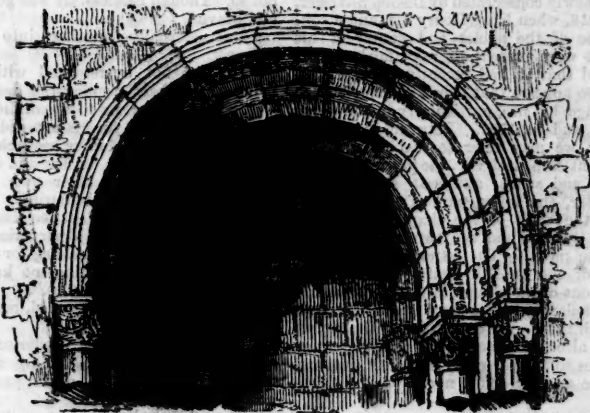
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 18.]

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844.

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## Original Communications.

### ARCHITECTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A VENERABLE specimen of the pious industry of our ancestors is the subject of our cut this week—the arch in the vestry on the south side of Worcester Cathedral.

Our readers need hardly be informed that this temple for divine worship has stood many centuries. Here repose the bones of that great instrument of good in the hands of Providence, the evil-disposed King John — a selfish tyrant, but one of the principal founders of British liberty. It was formerly doubted that the grave called his, was really so. The altar tomb in the choir was believed by some to have been simply an honorary erection. It bears the inscription *Johannes Rex Anglie*, but it is almost illegible; and though the figure on the slab held in his hands a sceptre and a sword, it was understood that the body of King John had been deposited in the Lady Chapel. At length, in the year 1797, the question was in a great measure set at rest. The effigy being removed, and the stones which sustained it, the vault was laid open, and then it was

found between two brick walls, and under some elm boards, a stone coffin had been buried, and here the remains of the king were found. It was evident that the sepulchre, since the original interment, had been disturbed by some curious explorer; but portions of the royal frame were still in a perfect state. Instead of a crown, however, the head had been encircled with a monk's cowl. This corpse had been enveloped in an embroidered robe, seemingly of crimson damask; the coffin rested on the pavement of the choir, and the original cover was the slab on which the figure is sculptured. The tomb of Arthur, Prince of Wales, elder brother of Henry VIII, is also found in this cathedral.

The arch above represented is supposed to be a portion of the oldest part of the cathedral. Britton says of it:—"Mr Green asserts that the eastern end is an ancient part of the cathedral, with its original embellishments. In Storer's and some other works the statement is repeated. The writer in Storer's volume says that part of Walsatan's church still constitutes the choir and lady chapel of the existing building. This choir, near the nave, has a crypt under it, and the part now called the lady chapel was the original

choir." This assertion is more than improbable; it is refuted by almost every other Norman church, not only in England but on the continent. A crypt is almost invariably under the choir, for the purpose of raising and keeping its floor dry, as at Winchester, Canterbury, Gloucester, &c. The style and architectural features of this choir, the lady chapel, and the small transept, are the first points, and nearly corresponding with Salisbury cathedral, and as the church of Worcester was newly consecrated by Bishop Silvester, in 1218, when King Henry III. and a concourse of the nobles and gentry of his court were present, it may fairly be believed that it had recently been rebuilt. It also appears that it had sustained much damage by fire, particularly in the years 1113 and in 1202. Between these two dates we may refer several parts of the present cathedral, viz., the passages on the west and south, and east sides of the cloister, the lower part of the refectory and the walls of the chapter house, the west transept and the two west transepts of the nave. The latter belongs to the end of the twelfth century. The older portions of the church in the transept, and particularly its eastern wall, through which there were entrances to the crypt, and also two doorways in semicircular arches to the vestry on the south side, and to the sacristy on the north.

1620, 1720, AND 1820;

OR,

THE DEAD GUEST.

(For the Mirror.)

"All nations have their omens drear,  
And legends sad of woe and fear."

THERE is an awful tradition of no modern date, still listened to with attention in Herbesheim, a small German town, that once in every century, during Advent, a being no longer of earth, pays a visit to the place in which he once lived in the flesh. His mission is a fearful one, as he comes not to warn of danger or to bring the guilty to justice, but to wring the necks of newly-betrothed females. On this, under the title of 'Todte Gast,' or the 'Dead Guest,' Zschokke has formed a startling story.

In the year 1820, the year which completed the century within which the Dead Guest was to reappear, an officer in command of a body of troops at Herbesheim, was billeted on a rich but somewhat eccentric manufacturer, named Bantes. His aspect was martial, but agreeable; and he was kindly received into the family circle of the manufacturer, for whom he evinced much regard. His host made some inquiries of him respecting a youth named

guardian, and who sometime before had run away from school and joined the army.

"The name," said the officer, "I confess is familiar to me; but I am sorry to say I can tell you little good of him."

"So I feared," said the manufacturer. "He was always a wild, good-for-nothing scapegrace, never easy but when in mischief. I was apprehensive that he would come to some bad end."

"Nay," interposed the beautiful Frederica, the manufacturer's daughter, "say not so. Though careless, he was generous and brave."

"But eternally getting into some scrape."

"He was not overstocked with prudence, I confess," replied the daughter; "still it is not for us to speak disparagingly of him. But for his intrepid kindness my father would have been childless. When our house was on fire, and the domestics, seeking only their own safety, had left me to my fate, he daringly rushed through the flames, and, at the risk of his life, snatched me from destruction, and then withdrew without waiting for thanks—and even without letting me know to whom I owed my deliverance."

"So he afterwards reported, perhaps," remarked the officer.

"You wrong him, sir," Frederica tartly rejoined. "Satisfied with doing a noble action, he disdained to claim praise or gratitude."

"Then how, since he was not recognised, can it be known that he was the deliverer?"

"Because, having thrown off his coat preparatory to rushing into the burning mass, it was carried off by a varlet in the crowd that idly looked on. The thief was taken, and in the pockets of the stolen garment letters were found, which proved, beyond all doubt, that the preserver of Frederica was no other than the scapegrace George Waldrich."

"There was something in that, I own," said the father; "but, notwithstanding, he should not have run away. He is a sad fellow, and will never be worth a florin."

"He was always too anxious to be a soldier, I own."

The young officer pulled his bushy whiskers with an air of chagrin, as if he felt a reflection, which might have been spared, had been cast on the military profession.

"But," added the young lady, "the tyranny of the schoolmaster furnished a sufficient excuse for his flight, as was proved shortly afterwards by the total breaking up of the school. If poor George fled from a brutal pedagogue, I never heard that in any other case he fled from an enemy."

"Well, well," said Bantes, retiring, "after

all, George Waldrich was no better than he should be."

"Very true," exclaimed the officer. "That is decidedly my opinion. I have too many proofs of it."

"Yet, at all events," said the wife of the manufacturer, who had till now been silent, "I think *you* ought not to speak against him."

"Upon my word," replied the soldier, "I have much cause to speak ill of him. He has often made very free with me—with my name as well as my purse. He has led me into indifferent company—he has spent my money and run me into debt."

The ladies stared.

"Indeed!" the mother archly replied; "but," she significantly added, "you do not tell us how badly you treated him."

Frederica looked grateful for this remark, which, she had no doubt, would be keenly felt by their military inmate, the calumniator of Waldrich.

"In fact," continued the old lady, "I more than suspect you owe to him everything you have; and that even at this moment you have his coat on your back."

"Ah! my kind madam," cried the officer, laughing, "what, you have found me out, have you!" and, jumping up with good-natured vivacity, "I'll make *you* pay for this," he exclaimed, with affected anger, and in the next moment kissed the mother and clasped the blooming daughter tenderly to his heart.

"The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,  
'Twas Waldrich's self that pressed."

It would be a waste of words to dwell on the warm delight which filled the heart of the lovely Frederica, when she recognised in the gallant captain the playmate of her early days. The gratifying discovery of his promotion and happy return in the same moment, spread joy through the whole family, and his guardian, informed of what had transpired, was warm and sincere in his congratulations on the honourable distinction which George had gained, and which had made him their guest.

Festivity and harmony celebrated the incident. His birthday, which happened just then to come round, was marked by more than usual rejoicing. On such occasions it is customary for a king and queen of the feast to be appointed. All offer presents to their majesties, and all kiss those illustrious personages. George received and returned the kiss of Frederica with a warmth which startled the companion of his childhood. Yet was she far from being offended. Though different from what he had been when a boy, she admired him more than ever.

Yet for her that was not a day of un-

clouded happiness. On taking her seat at the dinner table, when she lifted her napkin from her plate, there appeared beneath it a ring and a diamond necklace. These, indeed, found favour in her eyes, for she was a woman; but they were accompanied by a letter which communicated the important but unwelcome tidings, that unknown to her the careful manufacturer had engaged her to the son of the wealthy and noble banker, Herr von Hahn, and that her intended, being in too delicate health to travel in the bad weather then prevailing, had sent his offerings with this *billet doux*, instead of presenting them in person.

To her father this was most satisfactory. He had expected the pleasure which he experienced would be shared by all his family and all his friends; but this was far from being the case. To his amazement and vexation the announcement which he had been persuaded would add to the general merriment threw an ominous gloom over every countenance. Frederica, with tears, begged that she might, at least, be permitted to see her intended bridegroom before she was understood to accept him; but this, though her suit was backed by their military guest, appeared to Bantes wholly unnecessary. He was disposed to make no concession to childish folly, and the day closed in sadness.

Frederica and Waldrich soon found an opportunity of communicating their sentiments to each other. Their conference was too long to be here reported *verbatim*. Suffice it to say, it ended in a passionate declaration on his part, and in a pledge on hers, that she would never consent to marry the young banker.

The moment now drew near when, according to general report, the coming of the terrible spectre, the Dead Guest, might be looked for. To spare the feelings of Waldrich, the lady of the manufacturer urged that at such a period of excitation, not to say apprehension, a wedding ought not to be celebrated. Bantes laughed at "the old woman's story," as he called it. It was utterly unworthy of a serious thought. Nothing, in fact, was known to be depended upon, but that in a certain church register the deaths of three brides were recorded in the year 1720 with the additional words, "With their faces turned to their backs, as one hundred years ago—God have mercy on their poor souls!" What, he laughingly asked, could be made of that? His curiosity was, however, in some degree moved by certain whisperings to hear all that had been told on the subject, and he listened with attention to one of his guests, who undertook to relate what he had heard from a grey-headed old man, who devoutly believed in it, and who, when

he was a child, had given him the following details:—

"Late in November of 1620, when Frederic, Elector Palatine and elected King of Bohemia, was flying from the superior and victorious arms of the Emperor, Ferdinand II, three betrothed brides of Catholic Herbesheim amused themselves one evening wishing their bridegrooms could earn certain rewards, especially the title, offered as the price of the heretic usurper's head. Whilst they chatted they saw thirteen men, evidently fugitives, and as evidently one of superior rank to the rest, gallop up to an adjacent inn; and at the same instant their three bridegrooms rushed into the apartment with the tidings that one of the thirteen was the proscribed Frederic. The excited young ladies, declared that they would not marry unless their bridegrooms' swords were dyed in the heretic usurper's blood. The bridegrooms went to earn the prize. At dawn twelve men rode away from the inn; the thirteenth lay murdered with three wounds. The landlord declared that his Dead Guest was *not* Frederic; but, as a presumed heretic, the body was buried in a lay-stall. The bridegrooms had not been seen since the murder, and the pining brides regretted their sanguinary mandate. On the third evening of their unaccountable absence, a stranger visited Jacobea, the young creature with whom the idea of killing Frederic had originated. The stranger was a very tall, thin, pale man, dressed in black, and covered with jewels. He announced himself by the name of the Count of Graves, and brought a letter from her truant bridegroom, stating that, having murdered the wrong man, he considered his bride as lost, and would never return."

"Was the letter," asked the mother of Frederica, "in the hand-writing of the lover or bridegroom of Jacobea."

"So exactly his writing," was the answer of the narrator, "that he himself could not have suspected it of coming from any pen but his own."

"And how," inquired the old lady, "was the intelligence received?"

"With grief and horror," replied the speaker. "The poor girl wept bitterly, and at first would not be comforted. But in a few days the honied words of the count, and his offer of his hand and title, so thoroughly consoled her, that she consented to unite her fate with his, and an evening was fixed for the betrothing, after which ceremonial the new bridegroom was to be allowed the unusual indulgence of an hour's nocturnal visit to his bride's chamber."

"But this was only one bride. Three victims, I have understood, were claimed by the Dead Guest."

"He acted the same part with like success by the two other forsaken brides,

each keeping her own secret. Different hours of the same evening were fixed for the several betrothments and subsequent *tête-à-têtes*; and the next morning the three girls were found with their necks twisted; the count, his equipage, and his presents had vanished. The victims were buried at the same time, and during the funeral a tall figure separated himself from the train of mourners, walked towards the lay-stall, and vanished on the spot where the Dead Guest was buried."

"Vanished!" cried the old lady with horror.

"Before all who assisted at the funeral and the attendant crowd. Such is the account transmitted from father to son of the first appearance after death of the Dreadful Guest."

The extravagance of this tale produced a smile from all present.

"I weary you, perhaps," said the storyteller. "Shall I stop here?"

"No," said Bantes; "since we have got so far, by all means let us have the rest."

What occurred in the following century was thus supplied.

"A hundred years passed away, when, in 1720," resumed the narrator, "a Count Altenkreuz, similar in appearance, allowing for change of fashions, to the Count of Graves, had visited Herbesheim; and gained in a like manner the affections of three affianced brides, and obtained secret admittance to their several chambers on one and the same night. The next morning, as in the preceding century, each maiden was found with her neck turned round and broken; and the disappearance of the count and presents, and the scene at the funeral were repeated."

A burst of laughter, more loud than hearty, marked the conclusion of the recital. No one confessed to believe one syllable of what had been heard, but each had some curious fact to mention to his neighbour, of tokens of death, strange sounds, and other remarkable circumstances, not easily to be accounted for.

So matters rested for that evening, and Bantes, whatever others might say, declared that he, for his part, was as incredulous as ever. While he thus expressed himself both Frederica and her mother remarked that Waldrich gazed most steadfastly on the manufacturer, and though he spoke not, looked as if he would have said, "It is more than probable you will not always be of the same opinion."

(To be continued.)

#### A PLOT WITHOUT TREASON.

A curious anecdote is told of Louis XVIII by Madame du Cayla, a lady who had the honour of being considered the mistress of

the gouty old monarch. The noblesse thought the king too liberal, and spared no pains to worry him into counter-revolutionary measures. With this view they did everything in their power to inspire him with a dread of their opponents. On one occasion they exploded a barrel of gunpowder upon a back staircase, and accused the Liberals of having designed to blow up the Tuileries and its royal inmate. After public congratulations upon his escape, Du Cayla presented herself, and was thus accosted:—

"Do you know that your friends, whom you call my faithful subjects, give me proofs of their attachment that are anything but agreeable to me?"

"How so, sire?"

"Did you not hear the explosion?"

"Can you suspect the Royalists, whilst the Jacobins—"

"For this once are very innocent. It is a machination of your right-thinking men; a little plot to frighten me."

"Impossible!"

"For the sake of your friends' honour, would to God I may be mistaken! But ere long we shall have an irrefragable proof of their guilt."

"What proof, sire?"

"That nothing will be found out concerning this plot."

"Truly an extraordinary proof."

"My dear countess," returned the king, "if the Jacobins, the Bonapartists, or the Liberals, are the authors of this explosion, before two days are over our heads, we shall have thirty people arrested, and a regular prosecution set on foot by M. Jacquinet and his underlings: if, on the contrary, all this is, as I suspect, a pretty little trick of my good friends, no one will be arrested; neither M. Jacquinet, nor his underlings, will institute any legal proceedings. If I seem angry, the keeper of the seals and the minister of police will come with downcast looks and implore me not to follow up inquiries which may disturb the public tranquillity, rekindle animosities, bring hostile parties face to face, and expose honourable names to unjust imputations. I shall be obliged to give way, the conspirators will continue to call themselves my best friends, and I—I shall not even be at liberty to tell them that I would gladly dispense with their kind attentions."

The result fully justified the suspicions of Louis.

#### THE DOOMED ONE SPARED.

Is sentenced for an awful deed  
To meet an ignominious fate,  
Pause, gentle matrons, while you read,  
Before my name you execrate.

Nor deem if I in frailty's path  
Have walked and scenes of hateful strife,  
That I could suffer fiendish wrath  
To strike at a poor infant's life.

To cruel hands my child consigned,  
Met no kind look—no soothing tone,  
In pain and sickness while it pined  
I felt its agonies my own.  
It cried for food I could not give  
(For industry will not gain bread),  
I could not find the means to live,  
And then I wished that I were dead.

And madness from my sinking heart  
Rush'd on my hot, distracted brain,  
And bade me act a horrid part  
To spare affliction further pain.  
Then to the heaven I dared offend  
I raised my eyes in frenzy wild,  
And cried, "My sorrows now shall end,  
And I will perish with my child."

Yes, I forgot my God's behest,  
And craving frantically a grave,  
I clasped the dear one to my breast,  
And plunged beneath the sullen wave.  
Poor innocent! thy pang was brief,  
Thy spirit fled to the Most High,  
But I found undesired relief,  
Was snatched from death, and—doomed  
to die.

Such was the fiat of the court,  
Though hundreds of maids, widows, wives,  
By stern employers crushed, report  
Declares lay down each week their lives,  
While none reprove. But slaying one  
Enough of guilt came to my share,  
Though at the moment it was done  
That one I would have died to spare.

But mercy interferes—that hand  
Which now this empire's sceptre sways  
Is stretched, and 'twas a Queen's command  
The scaffold should not end my days.  
Great is the royal boon, I own,  
Which gives a trembling sinner time  
To seek from the Eternal's throne,  
By prayer, forgiveness of her crime.

O! less illustrious by thy birth,  
Though daughter of a race of kings,  
Than by thy spirit—not of earth,  
Which glory o'er a nation flings,—  
Permit a lowly one to bless,  
Of Albion's isle the purest gem,  
While British mothers all confess  
That thou hast sympathized with them.

#### RUSSIAN EMPERORS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

THE Emperor of all the Russias, it is understood, is about to visit England. Such an incident is not of every day occurrence. It is now thirty years since an emperor of Russia visited our coast. George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, received the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, at the close of that tremendous



contest which had been so pregnant with ruin and humiliation to Russia and Prussia in its course, but which had produced such unexampled triumphs for both in the end.

Their coming was hailed with transport, but the day of their arrival was one of great disappointment. Immense crowds assembled to greet them on their approach. The Dover road was provided with numerous platforms and stands, and almost every house was converted into something like a theatre for the occasion. Large placards claimed attention, in which the distinguished personages were enumerated who were expected in due course. The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia (the Emperor of Austria was not omitted, though he never came), Old Blucher, Platow, and a crowd of other chiefs of high renown, were duly set forth as about to appear in magnificent array; and long the countless multitude looked out for them, but looked in vain.

The emperor and king indeed came, but privately, and without anything of imperial or royal state. When, as they moved forward in a postchaise, they were asked about themselves, their answer was that Alexander and Frederick were then on the road, and crowds continued to wait at Deptford and other places on this line of their route long after their majesties had arrived at the Pulteney hotel, then established in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, and paid their first visit of ceremony to the Regent.

Curiosity did not long remain ungratified. The emperor and king visited the theatres and many places of public resort. They met with a warm reception, and the acclamations which rose in their honour strangely mingled with hisses and groans, sent forth for the English ruler, whose renewed differences with his consort had made him very unpopular at that period.

Though much interest attended the visits paid to England and France by an Emperor of Russia, the circumstances were less remarkable than those which marked the coming of his far-famed ancestor, a hundred and twenty years before. Alexander was a polished gentleman, but Peter the Great was a thinking savage; the former enjoyed the refined entertainments prepared for him,—the latter, while on his travels, was constantly attentive to business.

Before coming here Peter went to Holland. At Saardam he took the name of Peter Timmerman, and hired himself as a workman to a shipbuilder, for the purpose of learning more effectually the art upon which he hoped to found the future greatness of his country. In this capacity he observed the most scrupulous regularity, attended his work at the prescribed hours,

in common with the rest of the artificers, laboured hard from morning until night, and received his wages like the other workmen. He compelled his attendants to work with him. They did so, but did not greatly enjoy the whim. Determined to know what the life of a workman was, he lived on the stipend which he received for his labour; and while the emperor found a house in a mean hovel, his servants, after their daily toil, withdrew to a comfortable house and luxurious fare.

Leaving Holland, he visited England. William III, the minister of a great revolution himself, gave a cordial welcome to the reformer of Russia; and, as a testimony of his personal regard, presented the czar with a beautiful yacht, which Peter prized as a gift of inestimable value. But it was not to enjoy the ease, and sun himself in the flattery, of the court that Peter had come to England. The same motive that sustained him in a state of privation at Saardam, and that tempted him to risk the safety of his throne by absenting himself from its protection, urged him to pursue the objects of his journey with undeviating zeal. Retiring, therefore, from the palace, he took up his residence in one of the dockyards at Deptford, where he again applied himself to shipbuilding. When satisfied with the improvement he had made, he went *via* Holland to Vienna, and thence returned to Moscow to shed the blood of the rebellious Strelitz. The diabolical cruelty in which he indulged on that occasion was brought before the readers of this publication a few months back. He subsequently resumed his travels, returned to Holland, and visited France and Prussia. Some of the anecdotes given are amusing enough.

At Nymagen, where he arrived late at night in a common postchaise, accompanied by only two attendants, he is said to have supped upon poached eggs and a little bread and cheese, for which the landlord charged one hundred ducats the next morning. Peter remonstrated against the demand, and inquired if eggs were so very scarce in that place? "No," replied the landlord, "but emperors are." Peter paid the bill, and was well satisfied to have purchased such a hint of European tactics at so small a rate.

Of Peter's appearance, and that of his czarina, Catherine, at Berlin, the Margravine de Bareith has left a lively description. She says,—

"When Peter approached to embrace the queen, her majesty looked as if she would rather be excused. Their majesties were attended by a train of what were called ladies, as part of their suite, consisting of young German women, who performed the part of ladies' maids, chamber maids, cook maids, and washerwomen, almost all of

whom had a richly-clothed child in their arms. The queen, it is added, refused to salute these creatures. At table the czar was seized with one of his convulsive fits, at a moment when he happened to have a knife in his hand, and the queen was so frightened that she attempted to leave the table; but Peter told her not to be uneasy, assuring her that he would do her no harm. On another occasion, he caught her by the hand with such force, that she was obliged to desire him to be more respectful; on which he burst out into a loud fit of laughter, and said that she was much more delicate than his Catherine."

But the most entertaining part of the whole is a sketch of the personal appearance of the uncultivated sovereigns.

"The czarina," says the margravine, "is short and lusty, remarkably coarse, and without grace or animation. One need only see her to be satisfied of her low birth. At the first blush one would take her for a German actress. Her clothes looked as if bought at a doll-shop, everything was so old fashioned, and so bedecked with silver and tinsel. She was decorated with a dozen orders, portraits of saints, and relics, which occasioned such a clatter, that when she walked one would suppose an ass with bells was approaching. The czar, on the contrary, is tall and well made. His countenance is handsome; but there is something in it so rude that it inspires one with dread. He was dressed like a seaman, in a frock, without lace or ornament."

#### ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

##### No. VI.

(Continued from page 259.)

WE are to examine the decomposing, or, as Faraday has termed it, the electrolytic action of a single cell of the constant battery. It may be as well first to describe some one form of a constant battery. It may consist of a cylindrical copper vessel varying from six to thirty inches in height, and from three to six inches in diameter, according to the wants of the operator. It has within it a tube, commonly constructed of slightly-baked pipe-clay, of about half the diameter of the cylinder: within this tube is a rod of zinc, the surface of which has been previously covered with mercury, or, as it is termed, amalgamated. The solution of sulphate of copper is poured into the outer vessel, and a little acid is added to increase its conducting power; and a mixture of one part acid with ten water is poured into the inner vessel. Crystals of sulphate of

copper are suspended or placed on a shelf within the outer solution. A binding screw, for forming connexions, is attached to the zinc, and another to the copper. Two or perhaps three such cells, of the capacity of a pint each, are enough for all the experiments that concern us now. Those simple forms will readily suggest themselves to the ingenious; but we cannot spare time to describe them;

Taking, then, a single cell of this kind, we may go, step by step, from what it cannot to what it can do.

1st. If two copper wires, one attached to the zinc and the other to the copper, have platinum terminations, and these terminations be placed in a vessel of pure water, no action will occur.

2nd. If a little sulphuric acid be added to the water, no action will occur.

3rd. If the platinum be removed from the wire connected with the zinc, and its copper end be placed in the acid liquid, no appreciable action will occur: the copper, especially when oxidized, will be slowly acted on by the acid; but this has no connexion with the voltaic arrangement, being a mere chemical action, which would equally occur whether the wire were connected with the battery or not.

4th. But if the platinum be removed from the wire connected with the copper, instead of from the other, and its copper end be placed in the acid liquid, an action is instantly manifested. The copper wire corrodes, and hydrogen is given off at the other wire—and this is the place to mention the names which these wires receive. The are called "Electrodes;" and, in order to distinguish one from the other, the one connected with the negative plate, in this case the copper,—or, in other words, the one by which the electricity enters the electrolyte, or solution to be decomposed, is termed the "anode," and the other by which it leaves the electrolyte to return by the zinc to the battery, is termed the "cathode." The wire at which hydrogen, in the present experiment, is liberated, is, therefore, the "cathode;" the wire which becomes corroded is the "anode."

5th. The electrodes still remaining copper, a little solution of sulphate of copper is added to the electrolyte; and now another phenomenon occurs; the anode consumes away as before, but metallic copper (as we had occasion to mention in our fourth article, p. 242, No. 16) is deposited on the cathode. This is what we term a cathodic deposit.—The proper preparation of cathodes, and the rules for obtaining this deposit in a compact form, constitute the important art of electrotype. But this does not concern us now.

In these five experiments the actual electrolyte is water. Now we have men-

tioned elsewhere, and the first two experiments establish the proposition, that one constant cell will not decompose water,—no, not even when acid is added. In the third experiment, we remove the unoxidable metal, platinum, from the cathode, or place where hydrogen would be evolved, if any electric action occurred, but gained nothing by this. And why not? Simply because hydrogen has no affinity for copper; and we had, therefore, made no addition to a force, which had twice appeared inadequate to the work set before it. But, when we made the anode of copper—that is, when we placed a metal having a great affinity for oxygen, at the place where oxygen would be evolved, we gave this affinity the opportunity of being called into play, and of adding its force to the original electromotive force of the battery; and thus the water, which firmly resisted the one force, gave way under the united forces, and parted with its oxygen to combine with the anode, and form oxide of copper; and it parted with its hydrogen in the form of gas at the cathode. Lastly, when sulphate solution was acted on, instead of acid water, the hydrogen was not liberated, but combined, in the manner already described, with the oxygen of the oxide of copper, and the copper was set free. We have then seen a cathion deposit; but this is not our object; we have to go a step further, and show cases in which anion deposits, instead of anion erosions occur.

(To be continued.)

#### EVELYN'S PETITION—BENEVOLENT APPEAL.

[WE have been favoured with a sight of the following original letter in the handwriting of the celebrated Evelyn.]

To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lord High Treas<sup>r</sup> of England, &c.: The humble Representation of John Evelyn, Esq., &c.

I am necessitated to supplicate y<sup>r</sup> Lo<sup>p</sup> for a supply to pacify the many miserable people who now this pinching season do more than ever cry out for money; the arrears for quartering the sick and wounded seamen being about 9,000*l*., so very great in my district, especially in Gravesend, Chatham, and Faversham, that our officers and deputies are now no longer able to support the clamour and threats, and are therefore come up to me with their accounts to show how their receipts have been distributed, and how great an arrear remains, and still increases for want of monies to discharge many who are yet in quarters, but make difficulty to go on board, till their land-lady's are cleared. I most humbly, there-

fore, beseech your Lo<sup>p</sup>, to order such a supply, as may enable me to give the poor people some relief and satisfaction. If your Lo<sup>p</sup> would be pleased to assign them 2,000*l*., so as I might at once be qualified to pay all of them a little (which none of my former receipts have enabled me to do, having no lease than seven several places to provide for, and many now in quarters), I should hope to pacify them for a while. But the want and the cry is now so universal, that without your Lo<sup>p</sup>'s special favour and pity to them, I know not which way to turn myself. All which I most humbly represent to y<sup>r</sup> Lo<sup>p</sup>.

J. EVELYN.

The 'Cambridge' has brought up to Woolwich fifty sick people at once.

7 Mar. 7<sup>th</sup>.

LOUIS XVIII., THE DUKE DE VICENZA, AND THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—In 1814, when the Duke de Vicenza appeared at the Tuilleries, it was reported that Louis spoke to him to this effect: "M. de Caulaincourt, you lie under the imputation of being accessory to a most horrid crime, the death of the Duke d'Enghein; I hope you will be able to justify yourself; but until then I must decline receiving you." Caulaincourt immediately repaired to the Emperor of Russia, with whom he had long been in great favour, and related to him what had passed. The czar replied, "What ridiculous susceptibility! I am daily surrounded by those who murdered my father, and have not more zealous servants than they are: but make yourself easy; I will arrange this for you." He invited Louis to dinner, and seated him on his right, placing Caulaincourt to the right of the count. This anecdote, or one like it, having been published in England, the book being sent abroad, and chancing to fall into the hand of the Emperor Alexander, his eye caught the accusing passage. He sat, musing for awhile, then drawing a deep sigh, "It is painful," said he, "to see these misrepresentations of my conduct made by individuals of a country I respect so much. But still, when I recollect that there have been writers amongst them whose bitter pens did not spare their own sovereigns, accusing one of poisoning his own son, and another of introducing a surreptitious child to inherit his dominions, I am something reconciled; for I cannot but suppose, that there are as many honest-hearted men in that nation, who will disbelieve these monstrous allegations against me, as have been found there, to discredit, and disprove on the page of history, the foul aspersions cast by the thinkers of evil on those two unhappy fathers."





*Arms.*—Ar., a chev. gu. between three morions, or steel caps, az.

*Crest.*—A seahorse, ppr.

*Supporters.*—Dexter, a buck, ppr., holding in the mouth an arrow, between the antlers a cross patée, fitchée, or; sinister, a horse, ppr.

*Motto.*—"En grace affie." "On grace depend."

### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CARDIGAN.

THE Brudenell family is of considerable antiquity. Formerly the name was spelt differently. William de Bredenhill was a man of celebrity and of large possessions in the time of King Henry III and his successor. He held lands at Dodington, in Oxfordshire, as also at Adderbury and Bloxham, in the same county. He had besides property in Aynho and Sibbertoft, in Northamptonshire. Sir Robert Brudenell, an eminent lawyer, who, in the 22nd year of Henry VII, was appointed one of the judges in the Court of King's Bench, was a descendant of the aforesaid William. In 1509 Sir Robert removed to the Common Pleas, and became Chief Justice of that court in 1520. He married Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Entwissell, Esq., of Stanton Wivill, and relict of William Wivill, Esq., her ladyship being cousin and co-heiress of the valiant Sir Bentine Entwissell, Knight, Viscount Brickbeck, in Normandy, by whom he had two sons, the elder of whom, Sir Thomas, resided at Dean, in Northamptonshire. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam, of Melton, in Northumberland. By her he had five sons. He died in 1586, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Thomas, who, dying in the same year, was succeeded by his brother, John, who died without issue in 1606, when the title devolved on his only surviving brother, Robert. This gentleman married, in 1570, Catherine, daughter and heiress of Geoffrey Taylard, Esq., and he was succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas Brudenell, who was created a baronet, June 29, 1611, and raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Brudenell, of Stanton Wivill, in the county of Leicester, April 26, 1627. He was further advanced to the Earldom of Cardigan April 20, 1661. His lordship married Margaret, daughter of

Sir Thomas Tresham, of Rushton St Peter, in the county of Northampton, by whom he had three sons. He zealously supported the royal cause during the long civil wars which followed, and suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower of London. He died September 16, 1663, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert, who was united to Mary, daughter to Henry Constable, Viscount Dunbar, by whom he had an only daughter, who was married to William Hay, Earl of Kinnoul. His second consort was Anne, daughter of Viscount Savage. By that lady he had one son and three daughters. The former, whose name was Francis, married Frances, only daughter of James Saville, Earl of Sussex, by whom he had one son, George, and three daughters. This earl died July 16, 1703, and his son, just mentioned, being dead, George, the grandson, succeeded to the title as third earl. He married Lady Elizabeth Bruce, eldest daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Aylesbury, by whom he had four sons, George, James, Robert, and Thomas, and two daughters. In the reign of Queen Anne, the earl was created master of the buckhounds. His lordship died July 5, 1732, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, fourth earl, who married Lady Mary Montague, third daughter and co-heiress of John, second Duke of Montague, and last of that creation. On the death of that nobleman, in 1749, his lordship assumed the surname and name of Montague, and on the 28th of October, 1776, was advanced to a marquissate and dukedom as Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montague. His grace had issue, John, created Lord Montague, of Boughton, who died, unmarried, in 1770, when the dignity expired. He had also three daughters. The duke was installed a Knight of the Garter, June 4, 1752, and appointed Governor to

their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick. He was created, August 21, 1786, Baron Montagu of Boughton, with remainder to his grandson James, second son of the Duke of Buccleugh, by Elizabeth, his second daughter, who, in 1667, had been united to Henry, third Duke of Buccleugh. In 1790, the duke (of Montague) died, when the dukedom and marquissate became extinct. The barony of Montague passed according to the limitation, and the Earldom of Cardigan devolved upon his next brother, James, the fifth Earl, who had been created October 17, 1780, Baron Brudenell. He married twice, first Nov. 23, 1760, Anne, eldest daughter of George Viscount Lewisham, but by her had no issue. On the 28th April, 1791, he was married to Elizabeth, sister to George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave, and she also died childless. His lordship deceased Feb. 24, 1811, when the last Barony of Brudenell ceased, but the heritable honours of the family came to his nephew, Robert, sixth earl. He was born April 25, 1769, and married, March 8, 1794, Penelope Anne, second daughter of George John Cooke, Esq., of Harefield park, Middlesex, by whom he had issue one son and seven daughters. On his death, August 14, 1837, he was succeeded by James Thomas Brudenell, the present peer, who was born Oct. 16, 1797. He is the seventh Earl of Cardigan. His lordship married, June 19, 1826, Elizabeth Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral Tollemache.

#### A LEGEND OF NAPLES.

BY PETER PORUS.

THE sounds of mirth and revelry resounded through the halls of the Monterini palace, and every room was lighted up as for an illumination, for it was the carnival season, and within the *elite* of Naples were indulging in the recreations of the period. Every luxury had been provided by the munificent owner for the gratification of his guests; every entertaining device, every delightful novelty, had been introduced for their pleasure, and those who had assembled at his invitation were deficient neither in number nor in rank. An unwonted proportion of the fair sex graced the brilliant scene; but none of these attractions could prevent some few of the guests from resorting for amusement to that pernicious vice which prevails to such a fearful extent amongst the Italians—gambling.

In a low room, lighted by a single lamp, and separated from the more brilliant apartments by a long corridor, sat four gentlemen, whose flushed appearance and anxious demeanour but too evidently

betokened the excitement under which they laboured. Wine, too, had added its potent influence, and the two united had evidently awakened some of the worst passions to which human nature is liable.

For some time they conducted the game in silence, broken only by a muttered oath, or angry exclamation, which occasionally escaped the lips of one or other of the party; but at length a Signior Roncoroni, rendered suspicious by repeated losses, charged his immediate antagonist with fraudulent practices; and the smothered flame now burst forth with the greater fury from the efforts which had been made to repress it. In vain their respective partners endeavoured to pacify them; they fared as they would had they sought to quench a fire with oil, for the quarrel waxed more and more violent. "I say he cheated," exclaimed the accuser; "I detected him in the very act."

"He lies! he lies! By all the saints, he lies!" was Guardini's passionate response.

As if actuated by a mutual impulse, both gentlemen sprang to their feet, and ere it was possible to interpose, the sword of each was pointed at the other's breast. The unaided efforts of their comrades were insufficient to restrain the enraged combatants, and mortal consequences might have ensued; but others, alarmed by the tumult, now entering the room, they succeeded in parting and conveying the combatants to their respective homes in peace. This done, they returned to their amusements, and in half an hour the affair was forgotten.

But on Roncoroni's mind this untoward event created an indelible impression. On reaching his home, he repaired to his chamber, but not to rest. The insult offered by Guardini had raised a wrathful tempest in his bosom, never to be stilled but by sacrifice to his injured honour. With burning brow and wildly-beating heart, he paced the room, devising schemes of deep and deadly revenge; till, wearied at length by his monotonous round, he threw himself on his couch to seek repose. But sleep would not come at his bidding. With a fierce malediction on his foe, he at length started from his recumbent position, and striding to the window, saw that the beams of the rising sun gleamed on the spires of Naples. "It is early," he muttered, "but I cannot wait."

As he spoke, he left the room, and bent his steps in the direction of a confidential servant's apartment; for no one had yet arisen. Rapping at the door, he called to him to rise. "Pietro," he exclaimed, "lazy cur! do you not hear me?"

"Is it you, signior?" said the man in a tone of surprise.

"Ay, *me*, knave. Is there anything won-

derful in that? Come, open the door and admit me, Pietro," he continued, as the door closed behind him; "dost thou know Bandoli?"

"Know him? Yes, signior; there are few in Naples who do not."

"Then, do you hear—bring him to me."

"Fetch Bandoli, signior!" the man exclaimed. "The saints be with me! did I hear right?" And he crossed himself.

"Yes, fetch him—bring him instantly. Why—what is the fool staring at? Come, come; bestir yourself! You will find me in the library. Bring him through the garden; and be secret as death."

With this injunction he left him, and repairing to the library, anxiously awaited the coming of Bandoli. The minutes seemed to pass slowly, as though even time had entered the lists against him. "A plague on the lazy fool," he muttered, stamping his foot impatiently. "Why is he so long? Bandoli is ever ready if any one wishes to employ him. Holy Saint Gennaro!" he exclaimed, and his pale features assumed a yet more cadaverous hue—"it may be that Guardini has been before me, and even at this moment Bandoli is, perchance, seeking my life."

"Not so, signior," replied a voice behind him, and hastily turning, he beheld Bandoli himself. "I was waiting at the gate," he said, "for I expected my assistance would be required."

"You know what has happened, then?" Roncoroni demanded, fiercely.

"I merely heard there had been a quarrel," the bravo replied.

"It is well," said Roncoroni. "I would not have my dishonour made public. Listen, Bandoli: Signior Guardini has insulted me; he has awoken a demon—a fiery moloch in my breast, which will not be appeased but with blood. Do you mark me?"

Bandoli nodded assent.

"And will do me this friendly service?" pursued Roncoroni.

"Ay, signior."

"Thanks, good bravo!" was the joyful exclamation which followed this reply. "How shall I requite thee?"

"With fifty pistoles," replied Bandoli, as coolly as though the affair had been a mere matter of commonplace business, instead of a transaction involving cold-blooded murder.

Not so Roncoroni, whose hand trembled as he threw the bravo a purse. He felt, moreover, sick at heart, for his conscience told him it was the price of blood.

Bandoli received the purse with great nonchalance, and emptying the contents on a table, deliberately counted out the sum he had named. The remainder he returned to the owner. "I am a man of honour," he said, in reply to an offer of

the whole, "and never take more than my price."

"Well, be it as you will," said Roncoroni. "But, tell me, how will you despatch Guardini?"

The ruffian silently pointed to his stiletto.

"Could you not manage it more secretly?" asked his associate in guilt, who was conscious that the odium of the murder would fall upon him. "Is it not possible to administer a dose of poison?"

Bandoli's demeanour underwent a sudden change. A dark shade passed across his brow, and his hand instinctively grasped the handle of the murderous weapon which hung at his side, as he angrily replied,—"Did I not say I was a man of honour? The deed you name is one which no man, above all, no bravo of honour, would be guilty of. I tell you, signior, it would be as much beneath a regular-bred physician to turn quack doctor, as for a bravo to become a poisoner."

"But your hand may tremble," urged Roncoroni. "You may fail—"

"Fail!" repeated the bravo, and he laughed at the idea. "Do you see that hand, signior?" he demanded.

Roncoroni replied in the affirmative.

"Well, signior, that hand has sent four-score souls to their long home.\* It never once failed."

The signior started at this unnatural boast, and hastily exclaimed,—"Well, well, it matters not, so the deed be done. In half an hour I shall expect to hear of Guardini's death."

"In half an hour I will bring you his little finger," said Bandoli; and summoning Pietro, who waited in the ante-chamber, he left Roncoroni to count the moments, and await his re-appearance.

Half an hour! It was but a few minutes, but the most ingenious inquisitor never devised a torture so exquisite as that which racked the murderer, for such Roncoroni felt himself to be, during that short space. But the half hour elapsed, and, punctual to his promise, Bandoli re-entered the room and threw a bloody finger on the table. "It is well," said Roncoroni. "I am satisfied; but take away that carrion, and leave me, in God's name, to my own meditations."

"Not so, signior," said Bandoli; "I have sent Guardini home, it is true, but ere I did so, I entered into a certain engagement with him. Now, though he is dead, and therefore unable to call me to account, I scorn to be guilty of a breach of promise, for I am a man of honour, signior," he continued, as he drew nearer Roncoroni;

\* Such was actually the boast of a Neapolitan bravo, who flourished about the middle of the last century.

"he paid me fifty pistoles to despatch you."

His stiletto gleamed in the sunshine, and the next moment it was buried deep in Roncoroni's heart. Both perished in the moment of revenge and triumph; a fitting illustration of Milton's sentiment:—

"Evil on itself shall back recoil."

### MORNING.

BY FLETCHER, THE DRAMATIST.

THE following picture is not unworthy of Milton:

"See the day begins to break  
And the light shoots like a streak  
Of faint thin fire; the wind blows cold  
While the morning doth unfold;  
Now the birds begin to rouse,  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;  
And the lark that erst was mute  
Carols to the rising day  
Many a note and many a lay."

### GREEN GOOSE FAIR AT BOW— THE POET'S FALL.

Bow fair, which was among the scenes of humble revelry put down within the last twenty years, was long a favourite resort of the holiday makers of London. It was held on the Thursday in Whitsun week. Taylor, the water poet, has left us a description of it which is worthy to be preserved among the pictures of old scenes and amusements in the vicinity of the metropolis. By him it was thus celebrated in 1630.

"At Bow, the Thursday after Pentecost  
There is a fair of greene geese ready rost,  
Where as a goose is ever dog cheap there  
The sauce is over somewhat sharp and deare.  
There (e'er they scarce have feather on their  
backe)

By hundreds and by heaps they go to wracke;  
There is such baking, roasting, broyling, boy-  
ling;

Such swearing, drubbing, dancing, dicing,  
toiling;

Such shifting, shanking, cheating, smoaking,  
stinking;

Such gormandising, cramming, guzzling,  
drinking;

As if the world did run on wheels away,  
Or else the devils in hell kept holiday."

He then proceeds playfully to celebrate the peculiarities of the goose, and gives a very droll anecdote of himself. He says—

"Once I remember riding on my way  
In Berkshire neare unto a town called Bray,  
I, on my journey as I past along,  
Rode by a goose and gander and their young,  
(I neither minding them nor yet their crue)  
The gander in my face with fury flew;  
Who, in his fierce encounter was more hot  
Than if had been a Spaniah Don Quixote.

But sure himself so bravely he did beare,  
Because his love and lady goose were there.  
And 'twas a spur his chivalry unto  
To have his sweetheart see what he could do.  
My horse he started, to the ground I went  
Dismounted in that ganderous tournament;  
I should say dangerous, but sure I am  
That GANDEROUS is a DANGEROUS anagram.  
The gander was mine enemy, what tho',  
I'll honour worthy valour in my foe,  
He letted bravely, and in lieu of it,  
The goose's quill the gander's praise has  
writ."

### Reviews.

*Uncle Sam's Peculiarities.* By Uncle Sam.  
Mortimer.

WE have many pictures of the United States by various masters. Some are anything but complimentary, others reprehend those who censure, and laud the good qualities of the Americans; but differing as the writers do in some respects, they almost all concur in representing the republicans as exceedingly vain of their own progress, and ridiculously jealous of England. While yet the contest for independence continued, to decry and lessen this nation in the eyes of the world, to gain, if possible, our friends over to their cause, might be policy, but why the same course should be pursued now, in the absence of any rational or definite object, we are at a loss to guess. Yet so it is. In everything the Americans are fond of disparaging us, and in the plenitude of their egotism, they persuade themselves that their buildings, their institutions, and even their English, vastly superior to those of the "Britishers."

This is sheer folly and ignorance. Their bull-frog pride receives its appropriate chastisement in the cold disdain with which every impartial spectator, of moderate capacity, regards their pretensions. A lower tone would become America better. To a young nation it is no reproach that it is in most respects somewhat behind one that has had a thousand years to form its character, and millions of millions to spend on its soil and public edifices. Instead of insolently and falsely pretending to be before, they might rationally rejoice in not being immeasurably behind, a people that from circumstances had possessed such advantages. They, however, seem to enjoy nothing without indulging in silly exultation over the supposed start they are gaining on the British.

This appears in the book before us. Though the writer is not a rabid assailant of all that especially pertains to the inhabitants of the United States, he exhibits them in a very ridiculous light. Without malice, we must suspect that, feeling within him-

self the power of a satirist, he has sometimes used it rather to provoke a laugh than to furnish an unexaggerated portrait. Be this as it may, his letters are highly amusing, and contain much valuable information, some allowance being made for the banter in which he is prone to indulge. His "mimicry," as he himself terms it, of the conversations of the Americans is often comic in the extreme, and gives a reality to the scenes he describes which could be furnished in no other way. Vulgarities, selfishness, and arrogance, enter largely into most of his pictures; and the views we occasionally get of the degradation of slavery, furnish the most biting satire of all on the "trumpet-tongued" swagger of Brother Jonathan, *alias* (for from old associations we suppose he must have an *alias*) Uncle Sam.

Not the least entertaining passages in this work are those which make us acquainted with the emendations our mother tongue receives in America. There are some terms almost startling enough to justify an apprehension that American, in time, will not come nearer to what we call English, than the Italian language does to the Latin. Our author brings forward a great variety of characters, and all are depicted with whim, though sometimes a little exaggerated.

But from pleasantry he sometimes passes to a more serious vein. The following sensible lecture is read to a well-meaning American gentleman, who is carried away with the stream of gasconade which runs through the country. We do not know whether the plan of operations which he lays down emanated from the War Department, but it may be worth looking at there, and deserves grave consideration elsewhere:—

"Hear an English version of the American history. During the reign of George the Third, the English living in America fought the king's troops, and with the help of the French, surrounded them very gallantly, and thus achieved their independence. The last war was commenced by the Americans, at the instigation of Napoleon, and with the vain hope of helping to cripple England. While Great Britain was fighting in three parts of the world, America, inheriting free institutions, and almost everything of which she has to be proud, from Great Britain, joined the emperor in his efforts at destroying the liberty, independence and power of the mother country, the only anchor of freedom in Europe. Republican America fighting on the side of despotism is truly something for Jonathan to be proud of; but he gained nothing by the attempt—not even glory. What was the attack on New Orleans, which you call a battle? The British troops land and march (very

badly generalised) up to their knees in mud, to a place defended by cotton bags, behind which the American military, in perfect security, keep up such a deadly fire on the besiegers, that so many thousands are killed, and the remainder are taken prisoners, at the expense of some half dozen men killed by accident on the American side. Here was no fighting, and, in the name of common sense, why will you call a defeated attack of this description a battle?"

"But look at our sea-fights on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and Lake Champlain. Did we not beat the British over and over, and over again?"

"I believe the British lost about as many engagements in the war as the Americans; or to speak more correctly, the British fighting on the American side gained as many battles as the British fighting on the English side. The British beat the British, the native Americans having half a share both in the victories and the defeats. This is the truth, disguise it after what flourish you may."

"I expect you are taking considerable of glory from the American side to give to England. But that's the way with all of you British; you are so angry at our having beaten you."

"You mistake: I cannot allow for a moment that any of us, from the King of England down to a Welsh walter in a Broadway victualling store, can be angry at any such trumpery. Ha, ha! my dear major, I have been giving you a regular specimen of our English style of speaking out."

"This is a free country, and you certainly have spoken your mind freely."

"Yes, major, for once. It's a treat I have very seldom enjoyed since I left England."

"Why, if an American were to speak against the King of England, in London, as you have spoken of Uncle Sam here, he would be sent to the Tower."

"Forgive my laughing: the idea is so droll."

"We haven't had a toast. I'll give you one you won't drink. In the next war between John and Jonathan, may the most powerful whip the other."

"With all my heart. But do you really suppose you would have any chance of whipping the English if we were, during the war, at peace with the rest of the world, so that we might concentrate one-half of our means against you? Why, you are the most naked nation in the world. You have two thousand miles of sea board—with towns worth attacking—to defend."

"We have: and you have Canada to defend against us."

"Shall I inform you how we should



make war against you (heaven forbid it!) if compelled to make war at all?"

"Let me hear it."

"We should bring one-half of the naval power of England against you in two divisions. One would have a powerful army on board destined for Long Island, of which we could take possession in defiance of all the military volunteers of the Empire State, with those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey at their back. This army should be marched to the west of the island and plant two hundred field pieces, fifty mortars, and fifty howitzers, with a park of Congreve rockets, at Brooklyn."

"Where we beat you in the war of independence."

"Granted, but these proposed operations would be as different to our former pitiful ones, as the present times are different to '76. The army would be brought over the Atlantic in a hundred and fifty war steamers, only ten of which would go to the bottom. A mere trifle."

"Go a-head."

"We should keep possession of Long Island until the other division of the navy, which would be sent to the south, reported progress, and compelled congress to submit to any terms of peace we might propose, which of course would include payment of every cent due by the States to the British subjects, and payment also of the cost of the war."

"You're joking."

"Not a bit of it, my dear sir. As soon as we arrived out here, we should offer ten per cent. better wages than you give (and for three years' service only) to all the British seamen serving in the American service. Your fleet would then be denuded of half its strength, and have a few sham fights with ours."

"Now I see you're poking fun. You are a comical fellow; that's a fact. And what would your other grand division in the south be at?"

"The other division would be sailors and marines, and three black regiments from our West India Islands. The marines would have two thousand petty officers, picked from all the non-commissioned officers in the English service, and on board the transports there would be three hundred thousand stand of arms, with munition to correspond. The black regiments, the marines, and the two thousand extra officers would be landed in Georgia, and arming as many of the slaves as might be found deserving of freedom, march along the coast under the protection of the fleet, and carry the servile war from thence to the banks of the Potomac. During this campaign Canada should merely be called on to defend herself. New York, and through her the whole of the United

States, would receive a terrible lesson, which would prevent future quarrels; three millions of slaves would be made free, and you would be compelled to be honest and pay your debts in spite of yourselves. Now, major, I'm much obliged for your attention, for I have eased my mind and spoken freely for once. I begin to believe that bragging is infectious, and that I have taken to it, suddenly."

### Miscellaneous.

**EXPENSE OF REDEMPTION FROM PURGATORY IN SPAIN.**—The churches of Madrid exhibited a placard, at the close of the year 1827, setting forth what had been accomplished by masses said for the repose of the departed. It ran as follows:—"The sacred and royal Monte de Piedad of Madrid has relieved from purgatory, since its establishment in 1721 to November, 1826, 1,030,395 souls, at an expense of 1,720,437*l.*; 11,402 from November 1st, 1826, to November, 1827, at a cost of 14,276*l.*; total number of souls redeemed, 1,041,797; total expense, 1,734,703*l.* It was further stated the number of masses by which so much was effected amounted to 558,921. Each individual soul, therefore, it resulted, required one mass and nine-tenths of another, or an expenditure of thirty-four shillings and fourpence."

**SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.**—A correspondent in an old magazine gives an amusing account of a friendship established between a horse and a hen. They were left by themselves in an orchard and saw no other living creature. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadrupeds with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection lest he should trample on his diminutive companion.

**A DREADFUL DEATH.**—Ingenious cruelty could scarcely have devised pains so awful as those an unhappy man, named James Johnston, was doomed to endure. He was a kilnman at Lowick, and having gone on to the kiln to break a large stone he fell with his weight about five feet, and got firmly fixed and hedged in among the stones in the middle of the burning kiln; another man, who was breaking stones with him, gave the alarm to the quarrymen, and in a minute they threw him a rope, which he tied about his body, but so firmly fixed was he among the stones, that they could not pull him out. The poor fellow threw the hot and burning stones from about him until his fingers were completely burned off. He lived in this miserable situation for

three quarters of an hour. They got horses, but could not pull him out even with them. They then got a pulley and hung it straight above him, and with great difficulty lifted him. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when it happened, and about eleven when they got him out. In the midst of his sufferings he cried for his children. His sister got down before he died, but they did not allow his children to go. He kept his senses to the last. His legs were not in the least burned, but were nearly severed from his body.

### The Gatherer.

*Military Costume of the Chinese.*—So little external distinction is there between the Chinese soldier and artisan, that, on throwing off the upper blue cotton jacket or coat, on which the badge of their service is emblazoned, the former may mingle with the inhabitants of a village without his *metier* being distinguishable to any but a practised eye. Many of the Chinese soldiery were in the habit of escaping death by adopting this prompt method of changing their profession.—*Lieut. Ouchterlong's History of the Chinese War, 1844.*

*War with the American Indians.*—A letter dated Cape Breton, Oct. 3, 1747, gives in few words a lovely picture of the sort of warfare then raging, when the French and English were in the habit of arming the Indians against each other. "Capt. Scott brought us hither, and immediately upon landing our men we met with a terrible misfortune, for whilst they were mowing grass to make hay for a few cattle we had procured, a party of Indians came out of the wood, destroyed and took all our men except three, who saved themselves by swimming, and one woman, who was murdered in sight of her husband. These wild people are encouraged by the French to these desperate undertakings by a reward for what they call scalping the English. (Scalping is cutting the skin from the eyebrows round the head and peeling it off, and the French give them a reward of three pounds sterling for each scalp)."

*A Check for Valour.*—A French nobleman, at the passage of the Rhine under Louis XIV, seeing a gentleman well known to him about to throw himself one of the foremost into the river, stopped him, clapping a pistol to his breast. Everybody was surprised, when the count was heard to say, "I can easily believe that you don't fear death! A fellow over head and ears in debt would be too happy to get himself decently drowned; pay me the 2,000 louis d'ors you owe me, and then venture as far as you please."

*Promotions in the Navy.*—Some jealousy was caused by the number of admirals created towards the close of George the Second's reign. The following squib appeared on the subject:—

JACK TALK ON THE NEW PROMOTIONS.  
Jack reckons up the a——ls we have,  
And wonders what a plague we mean by  
new!  
Why, faith! half these might serve, if half  
were b——,  
But twice as many c——ds are too few.

*A Moorish Meal.*—Capt. Beauclerk, describing an entertainment given to himself and others at Talée, 1826, says,—"A huge baking-dish was set before us, containing nearly half a sheep so exquisitely dressed and so finely flavoured as to surpass any dish I have ever partaken of. We were preparing to do justice to its merits when we missed the knives and forks. The basha sent immediately for what in Barbary are considered superfluous articles of luxury; but Hadoud, seizing on the joint before him, began to pull it to pieces with his fingers, and culling the choicest and fattest parts, he offered them to us; at first we hesitated, from the force of cleanly habit, in receiving these delicate morsels from the hands of Hadge; but on his giving us a hint in Spanish, 'not to offend the company by our *fantasia*,' but to do as others did, we gave up all our scruples of delicacy, and fell to with so good a grace upon the baked mutton that we soon convinced the Moors that we knew the way to our mouths without the help of knives and forks."

*Theatrical Dignity.*—A *prima donna* is entitled to a dressing room, with a sofa and six wax candles; a *seconda donna* a dressing room without a sofa, and two wax candles. The same principle obtains with the chief male performers, and with the first and second dancers of both sexes. Ludicrous as it may seem, these marks of precedence are insisted upon with the greatest exactness. Madame Vestris went beyond all others, and furnished herself with two additional candles; and on one night, there not being, by some inadvertency, candles enough in the house, she stood on the stage behind the curtain, and refused to dress for her part until the required number of lights was obtained.—*Ebers.*

*Anecdote of Mademoiselle Sontag.*—When Sontag was the bright star of the drama, a young student at Jena gained her favourable opinion. She valued him because he had maintained an unsullied reputation, keeping free from the excesses in which other youths of the university indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement proceeding from having obtained some academic honour, the student indulged beyond his wont in the festivities of the table, was

led to play, and, unaccustomed to gaming, rose from the table the loser of a large sum. The report quickly spread; but his mistress received the information from the lover himself, who wrote to her with the confession of his error. "I still love you," was the reply, "but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell!"

*The Opera House at Lisbon.*—This is a fine building, with a handsome portico, situated in a spacious square. It required only five months for its erection, in 1793. The corridors throughout are vaulted, as the staircases also, which lead to the several tiers of boxes, while the vomitories are so numerous and so skilfully distributed that the interior of the theatre, in case of fire, can be instantaneously cleared. Over the proscenium there is a large clock placed, rather in advance, whose dexter supporter is old Time with his scythe, and the sinister, one of the Muses playing on a lyre. A figure of Cupid surmounts the clock. Between the two columns on either side of the stage are figures representing the comic and the tragic muse.

*Mozart's Home.*—At Vienna Mozart lived in the Rauhenstein Gasse, a narrow street leading down to the cathedral, in a house now a tavern or drinking house, which, by some remarkable coincidence, wears on its front a badge of fiddles and other musical instruments.

*Smoking for Breakfast.*—M. Jorevin, when he visited Worcester, in the time of Charles II, was informed by a very intelligent gentleman that "in England when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

*Sir Fulk Greville's Tomb.*—Sir Fulk valued himself on nothing more than on being the friend of Sir Philip Sydney. The following lines were placed over his remains: "Here lies Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney."

*Chinese Batteries.*—The engagement at Amoy was a fine spectacle, and it furnished strong evidence of the excellence of the Chinese batteries, upon which the fire of our seventy-four-gun ships, though maintained for fully two hours, produced no effect whatever, not a gun being found disabled, and but few of the enemy killed in them when our troops entered. The principle of their construction was such as to render them almost impervious to the effects of horizontal fire even from the 32-pounders

of the seventy-fours, as, in addition to the solid mass of masonry of which the parapets were formed, a bank of earth, bound with soda, had been constructed on the outer face, leaving to view only the narrow mark of the embrasure.—*The War in China, by J. Ouchterlong, 1844.*

*Rival Sea Commanders.*—"It was pleasant," says a writer of the time, speaking of the naval fight off Cape Finisterre, a century ago, "to observe a laudable contention between the commanders of the 'Bristol' and 'Pembroke,' which should engage the 'Invincible.' The 'Pembroke' attempted to get in between the 'Bristol' and the enemy; but there not being room enough, the commander of the 'Pembroke' hailed the 'Bristol,' and bid her put her helm a-starboard or his ship would run foul of her: to which Captain Montague replied, 'Sir, run foul of me and be damned; neither you, nor any other man in the world, shall come between me and my enemy.'"

*Civilization.*—Some of our readers will read with amazement the following paragraphs from newspapers published in the United States. The 'Natchez Free Trader,' 16th June, 1842, gives a horrible account of the execution of the negro Joseph, on the 5th of that month, for murder. "The body," says that paper, "was taken and chained to a tree immediately on the bank of the Mississippi, on what is called Union Point. The torches were lighted and placed in the pile. He watched unmoved the curling flame as it grew, until it began to entwine itself around and feed upon his body; then he sent forth cries of agony painful to the ear, begging some one to blow his brains out; at the same time surging with almost superhuman strength, until the staple with which the chain was fastened to the tree, not being well secured, drew out, and he leaped from the burning pile. At that moment the sharp ring of several rifles was heard, and the body of the negro fell a corpse to the ground. He was picked up by two or three, and again thrown into the fire and consumed."

*Another Negro Burned.*—We learn from the clerk of the 'Highlander,' that while wooding a short distance below the mouth of Red river, they were invited to stop a short time and see another negro burned.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*K.'s Essay, though correctly written, suggests nothing new on the subject.*

*'Jack Mainmast' wants point, and is far inferior to some of the writer's former productions.*

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